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OCEAN WIRELESS NEWS

(THE AEROGRAM)

VOLUME VII

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NUMBER 8

WAIFS OF THE STREET

By Ernest Poole

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover.



At all glance in passing at the shrewd little newsboys, peddlers, messengers, and boot-blacks that swarm by day and night through every crowded street of busy New York. We catch only a glimpse. The paper is sold in a twinkling, and like a flash the little urchin is off through the crowd. We admire his tense energy, his shrewd, bright self-reliance. We hear of newsboys who in later life have risen high; and we think of street work, if we think of it at all, as a capital school for industry and enterprise. Those who follow deeper are forced to a directly opposite conclusion. The homeless, the most illiterate, the most dishonest, the most impure—these are the finished products of child street work. They are the minority of its workers. But this is only because the greater number stay but a few years, and so leave before thoroughly trained to the service. It is of the finished products that I wish mainly to write. They poison the rest, for in the street morals spread, like a new slang word, with amazing rapidity. And what is true of hundreds applies in some degree to most of the recruits around them.

The main characteristic of street work is its unwholesome irregularity. The work is almost wholly dependent on the crowds in the street, and is shaped to meet their irregular tastes and habits. The crowd pays best, and pays most carelessly, at night. In cold or rainy weather business drops almost to the vanishing point. It comes up with a rush in every time of excitement, for

excitement, good or bad, is what street work is built on. This is especially true of the messenger service. Messenger boys are the most irregular of all street workers. One of the large New York companies employs one thousand boys at a time, but employs six thousand during the year. The night shift seems generally the most popular. Night messengers do all-night work between all-night houses and all-night people—some every week, some alternate weeks, some in four-hour shifts, and some twelve hours at a stretch. In one office of nineteen boys the oldest was sixteen, the youngest looked barely twelve. They went on at eight o'clock at night, and I found them still there at ten the next morning. It is the business of their manager to employ just enough boys to keep them all on the street all through the night.

For many this nervous irregular life is sustained and poisoned by hastily bolted meals, with often double a man's portion of coffee, cigars, and cigarettes. Down near Newspaper Row there is one tiny stand alone where two hundred boys bolt frankfurters and coffee between six and eight in the evening. The push-cart nearby is run by a darky called "Lemonade Bill," who claims to sell two thousand waffles a day, and is an authority on street boy diet. He tells me they seldom bother about meals, but eat "mos'ly always"—the messengers between messages, the newsboys between editions. The saloon free lunches are also heavily drawn upon—"swiped" generally, for I know hardly



HASTILY BOLTED MEALS, WITH OFTEN DOUBLE A MAN'S PORTION OF COFFEE, CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

a case of boys below sixteen who drink. A certain benevolent old lady from uptown was passing the other day one of these "dens of iniquity" when a ten-year-old bootblack slid out, having just lunched successfully. When asked the stock questions he told her pathetically that he was only washing his hands, and that this saloon was the only place in the district where a boy could keep himself clean.

Smoking is almost universal, and coffee is used to an amazing excess. I know over a hundred boys who average at least three huge bowls each night, and some who often drink six at supper. In thousands of cases, too, the work makes the sleep irregular. Several hundred at least sleep all night on the streets, in stables, condemned buildings, and halls of tenements, waiting until after midnight when the lights are all out. Some become prosperous and take furnished rooms, on the doors of which their waggish comrades leave inscriptions like these "Butts—The Boy Detective," "Alone in London," "The Dead Sleeper," and "One Lung Pete."

Irregular work brings irregular pay. Newsboys get their papers on credit, are not forced to save for the next day's business, and so keep in debt most of the time. Messenger boys do a large side business in tips. The peddlers and bootblacks are paid on the spot. All classes have ready money—some in copper, some in silver—and reckless spending is a most natural result. For this the show is the main attraction. I know one "Lifty" who went the first five nights running to "Tracy, the Outlaw." "Old Sleuth" was another great favorite. At the Newsboys' Home they tell of one ten-year-old youngster who drew from the Lodging House Bank his savings, two dollars in all, and started out Saturday night, ragged and barefoot, to purchase clothes. He returned in an hour, still ragged and barefoot, his money all gone, but proudly wearing a gorgeous yellow necktie, and a handsome pair of green kid gloves.

The street's improvidence is a natural result of its irregularity. Gambling and improvidence go together. Most street workers are inveterate players at the game of "craps." This whiles away the time between the irregular working periods, and often runs well up into the dollars. In one of the large messenger offices on Broadway it is common for boys to lose the entire week's earnings in the hall and stairway before reaching the street. The ethics of the game are often strangely confused. On the one hand the winner at high play is not expected to leave without giving to each of his companions enough to "stake" them in the game which continues, and yet this same generous winner will often use loaded dice without the slightest compunction. It is the bluff that counts. There is a certain merchant in the city who makes a special business of loading dice. He is largely patronized by street boys.

Betting on the races is common among all street workers. They may be found in crowds at the summer race tracks, and over a hundred have become "touts" of regular standing. "The Kid" is an extreme type. He is Italian, sixteen years old, shrewd, bright, and stunted to the last degree. Every one likes him. He became a graduate at twelve from the newspaper business.

and sells now only at leisure intervals. For several years he has been a "tout" at the races. He starts following the horses in April, travels the regular rounds, returning to New York late in the autumn. He began by making books among the newsboys, but has advanced now to the same work at the track. He sells tips, too, generally aboard the street cars. Night after night his roommate used to be awakened by the "Kid," out on the floor in his sleep, lashing imaginary horses, and panting, "Go on—d—n yer—go on—go on"



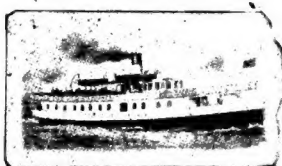
SMOKING IS
ALMOST UNIVERSAL.

On all the freedom and irregularity of street life leave their marks in some degree. At one large department store I found that of sixty-two cash boys nineteen had been messengers or newsboys, but only three of these had been there over two months. Seven had been both messengers and newsboys. One had served as bootblack, messenger, newsboy, and peddler; later as assistant to a junkman, next to a dentist, and now at seventeen he was cash boy at \$2.50 a week. He had held the position ten days. It is this same constant thirst for change that has been combated so long and so well at the Newsboys' Home down near Newspaper Row. Most of these boys have formerly been street workers, but by untiring effort other employment has been secured for most of them. Thirty per cent. of these lose their places almost immediately, while the majority of the rest are fre-

quently changing. They have always their old street work to fall back on. Their average age is seventeen; their average wages, four dollars a week.

Traveling is common among all street workers. The later lives of some are scattered to the winds by this unnatural "Wanderlust," as the Germans call it. It was so in the case of "Jimmy the Devil." Jimmy began selling papers at five. He had no home, and soon earned well his right to be called "The Devil." It was at the age of six that he first shook the Bowery dust from the holes in his shoes, and crossed as a stowaway to England. He blacked boots on the voyage. Between the ages of six and twelve he beat his way from one port to another through England and the Continent, making flying trips "home" at intervals. At twelve he met two homesick little "Johnny Bulls" on the Bowery, and generously offered to see them back as stowaways to Liverpool. He left them in England, and went himself to Edinburgh; thence, stealing rides, to London and to Portsmouth, where he hid on board a troopship bound for the East. He was put off at Malta, boarded a man-o'-war, and was again set off at Alexandria. On the next troopship he made friends with an Englishwoman, passed himself off as her son, and so made an extended trip through Chinese and East Indian waters. At last he returned the same way to England, thence across to New Brunswick, and so beat his way back "home" to the Bowery. A few weeks later he was off to San Francisco.

To offset this extreme irregularity street work gives no useful training for later trade or business. Out of the thousands of messenger boys only a very small per cent. become operators. Few bootblacks come to have stands of their own. All are constantly pushed on by the thousands of newcomers, and the street gives later work to only a small per cent. of these thousands. Newsboys do not become reporters. An editor of one large New York daily told me he knew of not a single instance. Some of the brightest win good positions in the newspaper delivery departments, others on wagons, in factories, and in the markets. Many become office boys, and some find the excitement they

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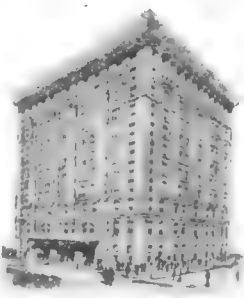
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OCEAN WIRELESS NEWS

(THE AEROGRAM)

VOLUME VII

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NUMBER 8

WAIFS OF THE STREET

By Ernest Poole

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover.



WE all glance in passing at the shrewd little newsboys, peddlers, messengers, and boot-blacks that swarm by day and night through every crowded street of busy New York. We catch only a glimpse. The paper is sold in a twinkling, and like a flash the little urchin is off through the crowd. We admire his tense energy, his shrewd, bright self-reliance. We hear of newsboys who in later life have risen high; and we think of street work, if we think of it at all, as a capital school for industry and enterprise. Those who follow deeper are forced to a directly opposite conclusion. The homeless, the most illiterate, the most dishonest, the most impure—these are the finished products of child street work. They are the minority of its workers. But this is only because the greater number stay but a few years, and so leave before thoroughly trained to the service. It is of the finished products that I wish mainly to write. They poison the rest, for in the street morals spread, like a new slang word, with amazing rapidity. And what is true of hundreds applies in some degree to most of the recruits around them.

The main characteristic of street work is its unwholesome irregularity. The work is almost wholly dependent on the crowds in the street, and is shaped to meet their irregular tastes and habits. The crowd pays best, and pays most carelessly, at night. In cold or rainy weather business drops almost to the vanishing point. It comes up with a rush in every time of excitement, for

excitement, good or bad, is what street work is built on. This is especially true of the messenger service. Messenger boys are the most irregular of all street workers. One of the large New York companies employs one thousand boys at a time, but employs six thousand during the year. The night shift seems generally the most popular. Night messengers do all-night work between all-night houses and all-night people—some every week, some alternate weeks, some in four-hour shifts, and some twelve hours at a stretch. In one office of nineteen boys the oldest was sixteen, the youngest looked barely twelve. They went on at eight o'clock at night, and I found them still there at ten the next morning. It is the business of their manager to employ just enough boys to keep them all on the street all through the night.

For many this nervous irregular life is sustained and poisoned by hastily bolted meals, with often double a man's portion of coffee, cigars, and cigarettes. Down near Newspaper Row there is one tiny stand alone where two hundred boys bolt frankfurters and coffee between six and eight in the evening. The push-cart nearby is run by a dorky called "Lemonade Bill," who claims to sell two thousand waffles a day, and is an authority on street boy diet. He tells me they seldom bother about meals, but eat "mos'ly always"—the messengers between messages, the newsboys between editions. The saloon free lunches are also heavily drawn upon—"swiped" generally, for I know hardly



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ster he was off to San Francisco.

To offset this extreme irregularity
street work gives no useful training for
later trade or business. Out of the
thousands of messenger boys only a
very small per cent. become operators.
Few boothblacks come to have stands of
their own. All are constantly pushed
on by the thousands of newcomers, and
the street gives later work to only a
small per cent. of these thousands.
Newsboys do not become reporters. An
editor of one large New York daily told
me he knew of not a single instance.
Some of the brightest win good posi-
tions in the newspaper delivery depart-
ments, others on wagons, in factories,
and in the markets. Many become office
boys, and some find the excitement they



THE WORK IS ALMOST WHOLLY DEPENDENT ON THE CROWDS IN THE STREET.

love in the Fire Department, while others appease their restlessness as traveling salesmen. The messenger boys often find congenial employment as drivers of "night hawks." The best of them end as messengers in Wall Street. But even there it is rare to find one working up. A newspaper writer, who is well known for his Wall Street stories, makes this statement: "I know hundreds of brokers' offices, but I do not know of one broker's clerk who began his Wall Street life as a messenger boy." The race track draws largely on street workers. The same is true of the variety stage and the prize ring. I recall the case of one boy who became famous in the latter profession. He had almost reached the height of his ambition when some foul play in a Brooklyn ring lost him a five-thousand purse. He became disgusted, left the profession, and became a trainer in a Broadway athletic establishment. About the same time the Grand Opera troupe arrived in New York. Maurel, the famous barytone, needed athletic exercise,

and came under our hero's charge. So successful was the treatment that the trainer was taken later on the road, with a salary of fifty dollars a week, and at the end of the season went with Maurel to England. There he slowly worked his way up, and now owns one of the largest variety halls in London.

The street gives no training for any one of these various careers. They are won by the greater mass of recruits whom the street has not ruined, but only handicapped. There are a few who fight their way up to even higher places, boys whose very restlessness helps them to rise. The newspaper story of some governor, judge or lawyer, who used to be a newsboy, is familiar to us all. But those who succeed leave the street. Their influence is lost upon it. Not so the failures. The beggars, toughs, and criminals all remain to teach those who follow. The street is forever losing its successes and accumulating its failures.

Street work saps the strength of home influence. In some it wholly destroys this influence. In all it is a con-

stant impelling force. For its earnings first induce parents to send boys out on the streets, and later these same earnings give boys access to the gambling, cheap pleasures, and vice that make home seem so dull and slow by comparison. Child street work soon implants that amazing precocity and independence which is often so attractive, and which yet leads to so much harm. I heard it briefly expressed once by a youngster of twelve. He had made trouble at school, and his teacher threatened to report him to his parents. "Aw, go on wid yer reportin' to me parents!" he indignantly rejoined. "I'm supportin' 'em bot'." On inquiry, his importance was found to be hugely exaggerated. And this exaggeration is common. Upon it is built the popular notion that every street worker represents a starving, widowed mother. In reality it has been found by closer study that these earnings are not generally the essential part of the family income. No doubt they do often help considerably, but this help is terribly paid for by the complete ruin which child street work brings to hundreds of its workers. Often the "supportin'" grows irksome, and starts the common process by which a boy becomes wholly estranged from his home. First gambling eats into his earnings. He begins to lie to his parents about the amount. When this keeps on, they forbid him to come home without money. Then comes the first night out. A beating follows, and makes it only easier to stay out again. In summer this becomes a comfortable habit. When winter arrives, the majority take to sleeping at home again; but always with some the seeming freedom has become an iron habit, for which even the slight restraints of the lodging house are too severe. So the habit grows, and the summer's recruits move slowly up to the head of the profession. For them child work in the streets is an enemy to all home influence. It is the more an enemy because at first it seemed a friend.

The case is much the same with the day school. Those who work all day, if not above school age, have but to escape the truant officers; for, unlike most occupations, child work in the streets requires no working papers. The truant

officer has no factory inspector to co-operate with him. Often, too, the parents work against him, teaching the boys to lie about their age, and so to work all day or all night in the street, learning no lesson but the shrewd dishonesty it teaches. As for the thousands who work only outside school hours, their teachers usually speak of them either as ungovernable or backward. "Too little sleep and too much excitement," were the reasons most commonly given by some twenty school superintendents. Stupidity is not the cause, for a brighter, more attractive lot of youngsters it is hard to find.

At night school the street worker is rarely found; and the same is true in the trade schools, boys' clubs, and gymnasiums that have advanced recently with such amazing speed—thronged each night by thousands of working boys and girls in the day school. There are one hundred and fifty of these boy centers in Greater New York, but through a circular letter I have learned that street workers are the rare exception. The few that come are wholly irregular. The reason is obvious. The street gives much of its work and most of its attractions at night.

The more manly side of these attractions I heard well expressed the other night by "The Skinner," a four years' recruit, aged ten. We were watching the automobile of the *Evening Telegram* race off with its mid-night edition. "Gee, I wish I was the feller wot runs it." A deep sigh intervened. "He makes de biggest kind of money—an' he goes like h—!" It was election night. I found him an hour later sound asleep on some iron steps. The *Journal's* last extra was coming out like Vesuvius not ten feet away. As I came up, "The Skinner" was swiftly aroused by his chum, who had emerged from the crater with *Journals* for both. These I purchased, to their huge delight, and we retired for a brief smoke to the steps near by. Both "Mick" and "The Skinner" sold until 11 o'clock on week nights and 2 o'clock on Sundays. I call them recruits, for both had been in school; "The Skinner" three years and "Mick" seven. The Skinner" was still in the lowest possible



HE IS SIXTEEN, AND STUNTED BODILY, MENTALLY, AND MORALLY TO THE LOWEST DEGREE.

grade; so was "Mick." The street at night was the only book they liked, and they knew it by heart. Its most vicious phases came glibly from their lips as mere matters of common interest. "The Skinner," as his pard confided, was feeling "bummy in the head." What little flesh he owned was constantly twitching, and his hands moved nervously as he talked. He had come

from Italy five years back, and had been four years a newsboy. When he said good-night, "Mick" told me that whenever he was around I could count on reading the headlines without expense. I thanked him, and left them at the Brooklyn Bridge. It was 1 o'clock, and they had stocked up for the last sale. All about them was a scene of bets being won and money spent, of horns and of yells from drunken men and women. What chance, I wondered, has the monotonous school-room or "The Skinner's" foreign mother and her tenement against all this? What a dull fool she must seem to "The Skinner."

It is this night work that brings boys inevitably in touch with the street's darker background. The background of the street is crookdom. Crookdom costs the people of Greater New York forty million dollars a year. It is the natural goal to which child street work leads hundreds of its workers—the minority who poison the rest. In them the influence of home and school is wholly destroyed. The irregular life has ruined them for any permanent trade or business. This background of vice and crime remains. It lies behind the lives of all street workers. What wonder that it makes all the lives of some?

"The street sharpens a boy's wits and makes a little man of him." This common notion most of us get from the glance in passing. It is true as far as it goes. The wits are certainly sharpened, but we fail to see which way they are sometimes pointed. The street is making a man of him—swiftly, but when the man is finally made he has long since passed from our attention. And if a failure, we lose all connection between him and the bright, attractive little newsboy who has taken his place. Among the thousands of street workers there are hundreds of these failures. Joe —— is one. Ever since he can remember he has sold papers, and by twelve his wits were nicely sharpened. He had the game of "craps" and the "sweating-board" both by heart. He began now "raising the limit" and "loading the dice." He learned that no man is guilty until caught, and framed his morals accordingly. At twelve he was selling the late edition by



MOST STREET WORKERS ARE INVETERATE PLAYERS AT THE GAME OF CRAPS.

the Brooklyn Bridge. It was found later that he had had a good home some two miles away, but his late night work made the lodging-house more convenient. He became a regular lodger in the houses along the Bowery. Meanwhile—being a sharp boy—he learned the common trick of “stalling.” One little man shoves a paper, as though for sale, up into the face of a passer-by, whose vest pockets are thus hidden from his face just an instant. That instant is enough. The “fob-touch” is made in a twinkling. Joe was too slow in the process one night last year. He is now “doing time” on the Island.

Of the thousand messenger boys on Wall Street many are below fourteen, at the most impressionable stage of boyhood. They see dazzling fortunes made in a day and huge bets won by brokers at the races. Many become inveterate gamblers. And the habit, when acquired at this age, is not easily shaken in later life. The case of this one is not uncommon. He was unusually ambitious, worked hard two years in night school, while running messages in the day, and by this plucky preparation he secured a place in a Broadway office. In a few years he had worked his way up into a position of trust. But meanwhile the strongest of all habits, that of gambling, had returned. He lost heavily, and when an unusual chance

offered, the temptation was too great. He did a year in the penitentiary, came out at twenty-three, and is now again in the messenger service.

At the New York Juvenile Asylum I found, through a special census taken by the teachers, that, of some six hundred boys, between eight and fifteen, the majority had always lived on the street. These street boys were classed as workers, petty thieves, and loafers, though many had belonged by turns to all three classes. One hundred and five had worked as newsboys. Only one had worked on a farm. Among the offenses were: Petty larceny, 77; disorderly conduct, 12; grand larceny, 9; assault, 4; unlawful entry, 3, and burglary, 2. At the House of Refuge, the superintendent told me that all his efforts are planned to undo the false morality which the streets teaches its citizens.

This morality has been briefly summed up by one whose name is known to all street workers: “If any one gets caught with the goods he can take what’s coming.” Don’t get caught is the motto. The other night I attended an impromptu musicale in the rooms of a juvenile gang of which I am a member. One of them was trying hard to impress upon me the honesty in his moral make-up. This hypocrisy was too much for “Buttsy,” who was entertaining the company with that



THEY LIE IN TANGLED HEAPS, OVER GRATINGS,
DOWN STEPS, AND UNDER BENCHES.

touching ballad, "Don't Drive a Nail in Mother's Face." The song ended abruptly. "Say," said "Buttsy," glaring scornfully at the hypocrite, "sposen a guy was ter come up der street—an' sposen de guy should drop a fiver on de sidewalk, is yer a fool or would yer swipe it? Yer would, yer know yer would. So would I. We're bot' crooks. Go on wid de pyanner."

This has its amusing side. It has, too, its grim reality. At the Newsboys' home they search the clothes of all the newcomers. Here is a list of some articles confiscated: fifty knives and razors, nearly a hundred revolvers, several dark lanterns, a number of clubs and stilettos, a few old-fashioned flint-lock pistols, one tomahawk, and a score of skeleton keys and burglars' tools, besides numerous dime novels and cheap, vicious pictures. The superintendent was telling me the other night the tragic story of one little newsboy of twelve. He was stealing with two companions of eighteen in an office building when

a watchman spied them and blocked the way to the street. In an instant they had raced up six flights of stairs and out on the roof. A policeman had joined in the chase, and as they scrambled on over the roof tops through the cold winter's night, the boy of twelve began dropping more and more behind. The pursuers, closing in, made him blind with terror. Suddenly, as they came closer, he saw his two companions just ahead make flying leaps across a blind alley from one gutter to another. He shrunk back a moment, then sprang out, and gave a shriek of terror as he felt his hands slip on the opposite gutter. An instant later he lay crushed and mangled on the stones of the court six floors below.

Late one night I met an admiring crowd of ten-year-old urchins listening with deep admiration to two young crooks of sixteen, who had taken ten dollars from a drunken woman of the town on the night before. This humorous "touch" was received with immense

applause. It is a typical instance among the worst street workers, for more startling than all their criminal traits is their close and intimate comradeship with vice.

Street boys are, above all, curious and imitative. From several of those who know them best I have reached this average conclusion that among four hundred of these worst street workers eighty per cent. have loathsome diseases by fifteen. Many of these become special messengers in the Tenderloin and Chinatown. I give here the case of only one in many. He is sixteen, and stunted bodily, mentally, and morally to the lowest degree. For years he sold papers on Park Row. It is his business to run errands for some fifteen white women who are slaves to Chinamen and the opium habit. He is handy at cooking opium pills. He is gradually learning the "habit." His last name I cannot give, for I promised my guide and his friend, the local undertaker, that I would not reveal it.

Go late to-night down through the narrow streets near Newspaper Row, and if you know the place where they hide, you will find over a hundred ragged little chaps, wholly dead to the world. Most of them sell papers. The late edition of the *Telegram* is sold till after midnight, and the morning papers come out at three. Between twelve and two o'clock, one cold November night, I counted over sixty on two streets alone. They lie in tangled heaps of twos and threes, over gratings, down steps and under benches. Their faces are white, cold, unconscious—like the faces of dead children. Some are wholly barefoot; all are foul and ragged. Every hour the policeman's dark lamp spies them out. They are stirred up—wake cursing—and move slowly on to other corners. Let us watch them more closely. They are coming now—five together—slipping noiselessly along in the shadow. They look about eighty years old, but are really twelve. One of them is pointing at a little heap of humanity on a grating across the way. The others nod and close in silently. They bend over the sleepers, and work with all the skill of long experience. Not much of a haul—only a few cents from each—but there are a hundred others sleeping.

They shuffle away silently. When the three o'clock papers come out, the sleepers begin to stir. It is then that the night shows what in daytime their shrewd bright wit conceals. They stagger up, blue and shaking from the chill that comes before daybreak. And so begins the day.

The homeless, the most illiterate, the most dishonest, the most impure—these are the finished products of child street labor.

A Wanderer's Prayer

O thou to whom man's heart is known,

Grant me my morning orison.

Grant me the rover's path—to see

The dawn arise, the daylight flee,
In the far wastes of sand and sun!

Grant me with venturous heart to run

On the old highway, where in pain

And ecstasy man strives amain.

Conquers his fellows, or, too weak,

Finds the great rest that wanderers seek!

Grant me the joy of wind and brine,

The zest of food, the taste of wine,

The fighter's strength, the echoing strife;

The high, tumultuous lists of life—

May I ne'er lag, nor hapless fall,

Nor weary at the battle call!

But when the evening brings surcease,

Grant me the happy moorland peace;

That in my heart's depth ever lie

That ancient land of heath and sky,

Where the old rhymes and stories fall

In kindly, soothing pastoral.

There in the hills grave silence lies,

And death himself wears friendly guise,

There be my lot, my twilight stage,

Dear city of my pilgrimage.

—John Buchan.

The man who has the most truth in him generally is the one who never lets any of it out.

If wisdom's ways you'd surely seek,

Five things observe with care:

To whom you speak, of whom you speak,

And when, and how, and where.



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HASTILY BOLTED MEALS, WITH OFTEN DOUBLE A MAN'S PORTION OF COFFEE, CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

a case of boys below sixteen who drink. A certain benevolent old lady from uptown was passing the other day one of these "dens of iniquity" when a ten-year-old bootblack slid out, having just lunched successfully. When asked the stock questions he told her pathetically that he was only washing his hands, and that this saloon was the only place in the district where a boy could keep himself clean.

Smoking is almost universal, and coffee is used to an amazing excess. I know over a hundred boys who average at least three huge bowls each night, and some who often drink six at supper. In thousands of cases, too, the work makes the sleep irregular. Several hundred at least sleep all night on the streets, in stables, condemned buildings, and halls of tenements, waiting until after midnight when the lights are all out. Some become prosperous and take furnished rooms, on the doors of which their waggish comrades leave inscriptions like these "Butts—The Boy Detective," "Alone in London," "The Dead Sleeper," and "One Lung Pete."

Irregular work brings irregular pay. Newsboys get their papers on credit, are not forced to save for the next day's business, and so keep in debt most of the time. Messenger boys do a large side business in tips. The peddlers and bootblacks are paid on the spot. All classes have ready money—some in copper, some in silver—and reckless spending is a most natural result. For this the show is the main attraction. I know one "Lifty" who went the first five nights running to "Tracy, the Outlaw." "Old Sleuth" was another great favorite. At the Newsboys' Home they tell of one ten-year-old youngster who drew from the Lodging House Bank his savings, two dollars in all, and started out Saturday night, ragged and barefoot, to purchase clothes. He returned in an hour, still ragged and barefoot, his money all gone, but proudly wearing a gorgeous yellow necktie, and a handsome pair of green kid gloves.

The street's improvidence is a natural result of its irregularity. Gambling and improvidence go together. Most street workers are inveterate players at the game of "craps." This whiles away the time between the irregular working periods, and often runs well up into the dollars. In one of the large messenger offices on Broadway it is common for boys to lose the entire week's earnings in the hall and stairway before reaching the street. The ethics of the game are often strangely confused. On the one hand the winner at high play is not expected to leave without giving to each of his companions enough to "stake" them in the game which continues, and yet this same generous winner will often use loaded dice without the slightest compunction. It is the bluff that counts. There is a certain merchant in the city who makes a special business of loading dice. He is largely patronized by street boys.

Betting on the races is common among all street workers. They may be found in crowds at the summer race tracks, and over a hundred have become "touts" of regular standing. "The Kid" is an extreme type. He is Italian, sixteen years old, shrewd, bright, and stunted to the last degree. Every one likes him. He became a graduate at twelve from the newspaper business,

and sells now only at leisure intervals. For several years he has been a "tout" at the races. He starts following the horses in April, travels the regular rounds, returning to New York late in the autumn. He began by making books among the newsboys, but has advanced now to the same work at the track. He sells tips, too, generally aboard the street cars. Night after night his roommate used to be awakened by the "Kid," out on the floor in his sleep, lashing imaginary horses, and panting, "Go on—d—n yer—go on—go on"



On all the freedom and irregularity of street life leave their marks in some degree. At one large department store I found that of sixty-two cash boys nineteen had been messengers or newsboys, but only three of these had been there over two months. Seven had been both messengers and newsboys. One had served as bootblack, messenger, newsboy, and peddler; later as assistant to a junkman, next to a dentist, and now at seventeen he was cash boy at \$2.50 a week. He had held the position ten days. It is this same constant thirst for change that has been combated so long and so well at the Newsboys' Home down near Newspaper Row. Most of these boys have formerly been street workers, but by untiring effort other employment has been secured for most of them. Thirty per cent. of these lose their places almost immediately, while the majority of the rest are fre-

quently changing. They have always their old street work to fall back on. Their average age is seventeen; their average wages, four dollars a week.

Traveling is common among all street workers. The later lives of some are scattered to the winds by this unnatural "Wanderlust," as the Germans call it. It was so in the case of "Jimmy the Devil." Jimmy began selling papers at five. He had no home, and soon earned well his right to be called "The Devil." It was at the age of six that he first shook the Bowery dust from the holes in his shoes, and crossed as a stowaway to England. He blacked boots on the voyage. Between the ages of six and twelve he beat his way from one port to another through England and the Continent, making flying trips "home" at intervals. At twelve he met two homesick little "Johnny Bulls" on the Bowery, and generously offered to see them back as stowaways to Liverpool. He left them in England, and went himself to Edinburgh; thence, stealing rides, to London and to Portsmouth, where he hid on board a troopship bound for the East. He was put off at Malta, boarded a man-o'-war, and was again set off at Alexandria. On the next troopship he made friends with an Englishwoman, passed himself off as her son, and so made an extended trip through Chinese and East Indian waters. At last he returned the same way to England, thence across to New Brunswick, and so beat his way back "home" to the Bowery. A few weeks later he was off to San Francisco.

To offset this extreme irregularity street work gives no useful training for later trade or business. Out of the thousands of messenger boys only a very small per cent. become operators. Few bootblacks come to have stands of their own. All are constantly pushed on by the thousands of newcomers, and the street gives later work to only a small per cent. of these thousands. Newsboys do not become reporters. An editor of one large New York daily told me he knew of not a single instance. Some of the brightest win good positions in the newspaper delivery departments, others on wagons, in factories, and in the markets. Many become office boys, and some find the excitement they



THE WORK IS ALMOST WHOLLY DEPENDENT
ON THE CROWDS IN THE STREET.

love in the Fire Department, while others appease their restlessness as traveling salesmen. The messenger boys often find congenial employment as drivers of "night hawks." The best of them end as messengers in Wall Street. But even there it is rare to find one working up. A newspaper writer, who is well known for his Wall Street stories, makes this statement: "I know hundreds of brokers' offices, but I do not know of one broker's clerk who began his Wall Street life as a messenger boy." The race track draws largely on street workers. The same is true of the variety stage and the prize ring. I recall the case of one boy who became famous in the latter profession. He had almost reached the height of his ambition when some foul play in a Brooklyn ring lost him a five-thousand purse. He became disgusted, left the profession, and became a trainer in a Broadway athletic establishment. About the same time the Grand Opera troupe arrived in New York. Maurel, the famous barytone, needed athletic exercise,

and came under our hero's charge. So successful was the treatment that the trainer was taken later on the road, with a salary of fifty dollars a week, and at the end of the season went with Maurel to England. There he slowly worked his way up, and now owns one of the largest variety halls in London.

The street gives no training for any one of these various careers. They are won by the greater mass of recruits whom the street has not ruined, but only handicapped. There are a few who fight their way up to even higher places, boys whose very restlessness helps them to rise. The newspaper story of some governor, judge or lawyer, who used to be a newsboy, is familiar to us all. But those who succeed leave the street. Their influence is lost upon it. Not so the failures. The beggars, toughs, and criminals all remain to teach those who follow. The street is forever losing its successes and accumulating its failures.

Street work saps the strength of home influence. In some it wholly destroys this influence. In all it is a con-

stant impelling force. For its earnings first induce parents to send boys out on the streets, and later these same earnings give boys access to the gambling, cheap pleasures, and vice that make home seem so dull and slow by comparison. Child street work soon implants that amazing precocity and independence which is often so attractive, and which yet leads to so much harm. I heard it briefly expressed once by a youngster of twelve. He had made trouble at school, and his teacher threatened to report him to his parents. "Aw, go on wid yer reportin' to me parents!" he indignantly rejoined. "I'm supportin' 'em bot'." On inquiry, his importance was found to be hugely exaggerated. And this exaggeration is common. Upon it is built the popular notion that every street worker represents a starving, widowed mother. In reality it has been found by closer study that these earnings are not generally the essential part of the family income. No doubt they do often help considerably, but this help is terribly paid for by the complete ruin which child street work brings to hundreds of its workers. Often the "supportin'" grows irksome, and starts the common process by which a boy becomes wholly estranged from his home. First gambling eats into his earnings. He begins to lie to his parents about the amount. When this keeps on, they forbid him to come home without money. Then comes the first night out. A beating follows, and makes it only easier to stay out again. In summer this becomes a comfortable habit. When winter arrives, the majority take to sleeping at home again; but always with some the seeming freedom has become an iron habit, for which even the slight restraints of the lodging house are too severe. So the habit grows, and the summer's recruits move slowly up to the head of the profession. For them child work in the streets is an enemy to all home influence. It is the more an enemy because at first it seemed a friend.

The case is much the same with the day school. Those who work all day, if not above school age, have but to escape the truant officers; for, unlike most occupations, child work in the streets requires no working papers. The truant

officer has no factory inspector to co-operate with him. Often, too, the parents work against him, teaching the boys to lie about their age, and so to work all day or all night in the street, learning no lesson but the shrewd dishonesty it teaches. As for the thousands who work only outside school hours, their teachers usually speak of them either as ungovernable or backward. "Too little sleep and too much excitement," were the reasons most commonly given by some twenty school superintendents. Stupidity is not the cause, for a brighter, more attractive lot of youngsters it is hard to find.

At night school the street worker is rarely found; and the same is true in the trade schools, boys' clubs, and gymnasiums that have advanced recently with such amazing speed—thronged each night by thousands of working boys and girls in the day school. There are one hundred and fifty of these boy centers in Greater New York, but through a circular letter I have learned that street workers are the rare exception. The few that come are wholly irregular. The reason is obvious. The street gives much of its work and most of its attractions at night.

The more manly side of these attractions I heard well expressed the other night by "The Skinner," a four years' recruit, aged ten. We were watching the automobile of the *Evening Telegram* race off with its midnight edition. "Gee, I wish I was the feller wot runs it." A deep sigh intervened. "He makes de biggest kind of money—an' he goes like h—!" It was election night. I found him an hour later sound asleep on some iron steps. The *Journal's* last extra was coming out like Vesuvius not ten feet away. As I came up, "The Skinner" was swiftly aroused by his chum, who had emerged from the crater with *Journals* for both. These I purchased, to their huge delight, and we retired for a brief smoke to the steps near by. Both "Mick" and "The Skinner" sold until 11 o'clock on week nights and 2 o'clock on Sundays. I call them recruits, for both had been in school; "The Skinner" three years and "Mick" seven. The Skinner" was still in the lowest possible



HE IS SIXTEEN, AND STUNTED BODILY, MENTALLY, AND MORALLY TO THE LOWEST DEGREE.

grade; so was "Mick." The street at night was the only book they liked, and they knew it by heart. Its most vicious phases came glibly from their lips as mere matters of common interest. "The Skinner," as his pard confided, was feeling "bummy in the head." What little flesh he owned was constantly twitching, and his hands moved nervously as he talked. He had come

from Italy five years back, and had been four years a newsboy. When he said good-night, "Mick" told me that whenever he was around I could count on reading the headlines without expense. I thanked him, and left them at the Brooklyn Bridge. It was 1 o'clock, and they had stocked up for the last sale. All about them was a scene of bets being won and money spent, of horns and of yells from drunken men and women. What chance, I wondered, has the monotonous school-room or "The Skinner's" foreign mother and her tenement against all this? What a dull fool she must seem to "The Skinner."

It is this night work that brings boys inevitably in touch with the street's darker background. The background of the street is crookdom. Crookdom costs the people of Greater New York forty million dollars a year. It is the natural goal to which child street work leads hundreds of its workers—the minority who poison the rest. In them the influence of home and school is wholly destroyed. The irregular life has ruined them for any permanent trade or business. This background of vice and crime remains. It lies behind the lives of all street workers. What wonder that it makes all the lives of some?

"The street sharpens a boy's wits and makes a little man of him." This common notion most of us get from the glance in passing. It is true as far as it goes. The wits are certainly sharpened, but we fail to see which way they are sometimes pointed. The street is making a man of him—swiftly, but when the man is finally made he has long since passed from our attention. And if a failure, we lose all connection between him and the bright, attractive little newsboy who has taken his place. Among the thousands of street workers there are hundreds of these failures. Joe —— is one. Ever since he can remember he has sold papers, and by twelve his wits were nicely sharpened. He had the game of "craps" and the "sweating-board" both by heart. He began now "raising the limit" and "loading the dice." He learned that no man is guilty until caught, and framed his morals accordingly. At twelve he was selling the late edition by



MOST STREET WORKERS ARE INVETERATE PLAYERS AT THE GAME OF CRAPS.

the Brooklyn Bridge. It was found later that he had had a good home some two miles away, but his late night work made the lodging-house more convenient. He became a regular lodger in the houses along the Bowery. Meanwhile—being a sharp boy—he learned the common trick of “stalling.” One little man shoves a paper, as though for sale, up into the face of a passer-by, whose vest pockets are thus hidden from his face just an instant. That instant is enough. The “fob-touch” is made in a twinkling. Joe was too slow in the process one night last year. He is now “doing time” on the Island.

Of the thousand messenger boys on Wall Street many are below fourteen, at the most impressionable stage of boyhood. They see dazzling fortunes made in a day and huge bets won by brokers at the races. Many become inveterate gamblers. And the habit, when acquired at this age, is not easily shaken in later life. The case of this one is not uncommon. He was unusually ambitious, worked hard two years in night school, while running messages in the day, and by this plucky preparation he secured a place in a Broadway office. In a few years he had worked his way up into a position of trust. But meanwhile the strongest of all habits, that of gambling, had returned. He lost heavily, and when an unusual chance

offered, the temptation was too great. He did a year in the penitentiary, came out at twenty-three, and is now again in the messenger service.

At the New York Juvenile Asylum I found, through a special census taken by the teachers, that, of some six hundred boys, between eight and fifteen, the majority had always lived on the street. These street boys were classed as workers, petty thieves, and loafers, though many had belonged by turns to all three classes. One hundred and five had worked as newsboys. Only one had worked on a farm. Among the offenses were: Petty larceny, 77; disorderly conduct, 12; grand larceny, 9; assault, 4; unlawful entry, 3, and burglary, 2. At the House of Refuge, the superintendent told me that all his efforts are planned to undo the false morality which the streets teaches its citizens.

This morality has been briefly summed up by one whose name is known to all street workers: “If any one gets caught with the goods he can take what’s coming.” Don’t get caught is the motto. The other night I attended an impromptu musicale in the rooms of a juvenile gang of which I am a member. One of them was trying hard to impress upon me the honesty in his moral make-up. This hypocrisy was too much for “Buttsy,” who was entertaining the company with that



THEY LIE IN TANGLED HEAPS, OVER GRATINGS,
DOWN STEPS, AND UNDER BENCHES.

touching ballad, "Don't Drive a Nail in Mother's Face." The song ended abruptly. "Say," said "Buttsy," glaring scornfully at the hypocrite, "sposen a guy was ter come up der street—an' sposen de guy should drop a fiver on de sidewalk, is yer a fool or would yer swipe it? Yer would, yer know yer would. So would I. We're bot' crooks. Go on wid de pyanner."

This has its amusing side. It has, too, its grim reality. At the Newsboys' home they search the clothes of all the newcomers. Here is a list of some articles confiscated: fifty knives and razors, nearly a hundred revolvers, several dark lanterns, a number of clubs and stilettos, a few old-fashioned flint-lock pistols, one tomahawk, and a score of skeleton keys and burglars' tools, besides numerous dime novels and cheap, vicious pictures. The superintendent was telling me the other night the tragic story of one little newsboy of twelve. He was stealing with two companions of eighteen in an office building when

a watchman spied them and blocked the way to the street. In an instant they had raced up six flights of stairs and out on the roof. A policeman had joined in the chase, and as they scrambled on over the roof tops through the cold winter's night, the boy of twelve began dropping more and more behind. The pursuers, closing in, made him blind with terror. Suddenly, as they came closer, he saw his two companions just ahead make flying leaps across a blind alley from one gutter to another. He shrunk back a moment, then sprang out, and gave a shriek of terror as he felt his hands slip on the opposite gutter. An instant later he lay crushed and mangled on the stones of the court six floors below.

Late one night I met an admiring crowd of ten-year-old urchins listening with deep admiration to two young crooks of sixteen, who had taken ten dollars from a drunken woman of the town on the night before. This humorous "touch" was received with immense

applause. It is a typical instance among the worst street workers, for more startling than all their criminal traits is their close and intimate comradeship with vice.

Street boys are, above all, curious and imitative. From several of those who know them best I have reached this average conclusion that among four hundred of these worst street workers eighty per cent. have loathsome diseases by fifteen. Many of these become special messengers in the Tenderloin and Chinatown. I give here the case of only one in many. He is sixteen, and stunted bodily, mentally, and morally to the lowest degree. For years he sold papers on Park Row. It is his business to run errands for some fifteen white women who are slaves to Chinamen and the opium habit. He is handy at cooking opium pills. He is gradually learning the "habit." His last name I cannot give, for I promised my guide and his friend, the local undertaker, that I would not reveal it.

Go late to-night down through the narrow streets near Newspaper Row, and if you know the place where they hide, you will find over a hundred ragged little chaps, wholly dead to the world. Most of them sell papers. The late edition of the *Telegram* is sold till after midnight, and the morning papers come out at three. Between twelve and two o'clock, one cold November night, I counted over sixty on two streets alone. They lie in tangled heaps of twos and threes, over gratings, down steps and under benches. Their faces are white, cold, unconscious—like the faces of dead children. Some are wholly barefoot; all are foul and ragged. Every hour the policeman's dark lamp spies them out. They are stirred up—wake cursing—and move slowly on to other corners. Let us watch them more closely. They are coming now—five together—slipping noiselessly along in the shadow. They look about eighty years old, but are really twelve. One of them is pointing at a little heap of humanity on a grating across the way. The others nod and close in silently. They bend over the sleepers, and work with all the skill of long experience. Not much of a haul—only a few cents from each—but there are a hundred others sleeping.

They shuffle away silently. When the three o'clock papers come out, the sleepers begin to stir. It is then that the night shows what in daytime their shrewd bright wit conceals. They stagger up, blue and shaking from the chill that comes before daybreak. And so begins the day.

The homeless, the most illiterate, the most dishonest, the most impure—these are the finished products of child street labor.

A Wanderer's Prayer

O thou to whom man's heart is known,

Grant me my morning orison.

Grant me the rover's path—to see

The dawn arise, the daylight flee,

In the far wastes of sand and sun!

Grant me with venturous heart to run

On the old highway, where in pain

And ecstasy man strives amain.

Conquers his fellows, or, too weak,

Finds the great rest that wanderers seek!

Grant me the joy of wind and brine,

The zest of food, the taste of wine,

The fighter's strength, the echoing strife;

The high, tumultuous lists of life—

May I ne'er lag, nor hapless fall,

Nor weary at the battle call!

But when the evening brings surcease,

Grant me the happy moorland peace;

That in my heart's depth ever lie

That ancient land of heath and sky,

Where the old rhymes and stories fall

In kindly, soothing pastoral.

There in the hills grave silence lies,

And death himself wears friendly guise,

There be my lot, my twilight stage,

Dear city of my pilgrimage.

—John Buchan.

The man who has the most truth in him generally is the one who never lets any of it out.

If wisdom's ways you'd surely seek,

Five things observe with care:

To whom you speak, of whom you speak,

And when, and how, and where.

THE IVORY BOX

By Temple Bailey

When Capt. Caleb Bridge came home nobody expected him. He was officially dead. Nearly two years before his vessel had been run down by a great steamer which was making a record trip. Two of the crew were saved. It was supposed that the captain and his men were lost. Capt. Caleb's widow mourned, but noped. Finally, as ship after ship came in with no news, she adjusted herself outwardly to the situation. She opened a little shop and sold meat pies and baked beans. She owned her house and garden, but taxes had increased and her income was small. Hence life became increasingly hard. Her pies were delicious and her beans melted in the mouth, but customers were few, and when there was a long rainy season sales were slow and there were often meat pies left on hand.

Caleb Bridge arrived home at night, and walked straight to his house. He stopped short at the gate. Before the front door burned a feeble light in an iron lantern. In the window was a sign—"Hot Beef and Pork Pies."

"Well, of all things," ejaculated Capt. Caleb.

In the fifteen months of his enforced absence, he had thought of his wife as comfortable. He had known that her wants were few, and he had conceived her income adequate.

And now she was selling pies! It did not seem like Sarah to sell pies. A feeling of faintness came over him. What if Sarah were dead? What if she had married again? He clutched at the fence. Other women had married, when their husbands had not come home. He had read a bit of verse like that once, and the husband had gone away. That would be the only kind thing to do—to go away.

He saw plainly that he must not walk in unannounced. He must first find out whether his coming would embarrass Sarah. He cast about in his mind for

some method of proof. He could not ask the neighbors. He did not want to be recognized. If he had to go out of Sarah's life forever, he would leave for parts unknown.

A light flared up in the front window. He could see a shadowy form behind the curtain. Then he saw two shadowy forms. There stole out on the air a savory fragrance as of fish chowder. He was hungry and tired, and the October wind was keen and cold. He drew his jacket tightly about him. His hand went in his pocket and he drew out a small square object. He started. Then he murmured:

"That's it. She'll remember that."

He waited patiently until the light was turned down and the occupants of the house adjourned to the kitchen. Sarah would be washing the dishes. Somebody was helping her now—and it was a man!

His impulse was to turn away—but his heart held him to his own hearthstone. He crept softly up the steps. The door did not creak as he opened it. Like a shadow, he crept to the table, then crept back to the threshold, and there was no sound as he closed the door.

After many minutes a woman's shadow entered the room. The light still burned dimly. She came to the window and drew up the curtain, looking out into the gusty night. It was Sarah. She had on a black dress and white apron. Her face was in the shadow, but she seemed to gaze toward the sea with an air of longing.

Caleb's heart bounded. He wanted to cry "Sarah," but dared not.

The woman turned back toward the table and turned up the light. Then she stood very still, looking down. She seemed held to the spot. She was as if she had been turned to stone. When her hand at last went out toward an object that was laid on the table, she moved

mechanically like a puppet pulled by a string.

She had it in her hand now, Caleb's little ivory tobacco box. He had bought it on one of his voyages. It had been his whim to keep his tobacco in it instead of in a bag—and he had taken it with him when he went on his fatal voyage.

He saw her rush toward the kitchen, and then he saw her turn back. He saw her face, too, with its look of wild rapture. She opened the front door and

in the kitchen. Of course, she could explain—but he hated to think that her constancy had admitted even a friend or admirer.

Unconscious of his thought, she answered it. "I'll call Uncle Anthony," she said. "You know—on my mother's side, Caleb. He's blind, and he lives with me."

In that moment Capt. Caleb wept like a child on his wife's shoulder. There had been so much that he had feared, and now the fear was gone.



"WELL, OF ALL THINGS!" EJACULATED CAPT. CALEB.

stood under the flickering light of the iron lantern.

"Caleb!" she called loudly, "Caleb—are you there?"

He came forward out of the darkness, his face lifted to hers as she stood on the steps above him.

"Sarah!" he said. "Sarah!"

Laughing and crying, she drew him into the warm room. "You are wet, dearest dear," she said, "and cold. But there's a hot fire, and the chowder—to think I should have your favorite dish on the night that you came home, Caleb."

He dared not ask her about the man

"What did you think?" he asked, when he sat later at the table, with the steaming chowder before him, his wife's face in placid content, "what did you think when you saw my ivory box?"

"Oh, Caleb," she said, "I was afraid to touch it. It seemed to be a message from the dead, and I was afraid to go to the door and call—I was afraid it was your ghost out there in the garden—I couldn't believe it could be you—that it could really be you, Caleb."

"I thought I ought to break my coming gently," said Caleb. His doubts had receded to the back of his mind. He wondered if he had really had them.

"You see," he said, "I didn't have a chance to get word to you, for I was picked up by a boat that was carrying arms to the rebels in South America, and they didn't want any one to know. And they took me with them to the Andes, and kept me until they dared to send me back. But I'm here now, and we're going to live happy forever, Sarah."

Sarah came around and kissed him.

Then she set the little ivory box conspicuously in the middle of the mantle shelf, flanked by two tall brass candlesticks.

"I'll make you a bag for your tobacco to-morrow, Caleb," she said, "but that box is going to stay up there to the end of our days, so's we shan't ever forget what we have to be thankful for, dearest dear."

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Out on the trackless ocean, under the studded sky,
Where the flash from the lighthouse quivers—you, and the moon, and I.

Lounging in pillow'd deckchair, while borne as a rising tide,
Comes the distant hum of the cabin, intrusion that won't be denied.

Following the stars that glisten, lighting a fairy way—
With nobody near to listen and a thousand things to say.

And while you are talking nonsense, and puffing a cigarette,
I am trying to still my conscience—and hoping you won't forget.

It is folly with you to be flirting, I fancy I hear some one say—
But tell me, whom is it hurting? and who will be sorry, pray?

Why shouldn't I look in your eyes, then, as long as I please to-night?
Who says that it isn't wise, then? And babbles of wrong and right?

Why shouldn't you say you love me? Why shouldn't I feign to sigh,
And vow, by the stars above me, to be faithful? Tell me, why?

And what if next week—or next season—you gaze at the same lighthouse gleam
With some other girl? What reason that we should forget our dream?

There surely is consolation in calling this night our own—
In knowing that this flirtation is ours—ours, I mean, alone.

For life is one with the flowers, and love and the flowers are one;
And the secret of glorying hours is knowing when each is done.

Then promise me one thing, truly. It is all that my lips will ask,
And I don't think I ask unduly, nor set you a difficult task—

Take out of your life this hour, and keep it alone for me,
And put it away as a flower, in the book of your memory.

Activity in Wireless Regulation

The fact that the Wireless Bill of Representative Alexander was recently stricken from the House calendar is encouraging, in that it shows the awakening of our Government to the danger of passing hurriedly drafted bills which, at first glance, *seemed* to regulate radio-communication. This bill originally aimed at the extermination of the amateur and experimenter; later it was changed to provide for the mere regulation of that body. Minority Leader Mann, however, objected to present consideration of the subject, which, he said, was one that required more study and deeper consideration before laws harnessing wireless communication were framed. It will probably go over to the next session of Congress.

The other Alexander bill, or, more properly, the Alexander substitute for the Hitchcock bill, recently became a law. It provided solely for the regulation of marine commercial wireless, and, while it did not affect the amateur, it shows that our statesmen are carefully considering every phase of the situation. This bill was drafted later than those which proposed amateur regulation, and its reception shows that advantage had been taken of the lessons learned through the ridicule aimed at the original drafts of former wireless bills.

When it was known as the Hitchcock Bill it first passed the Senate. When it reached the House it was noticed that it applied only to vessels carrying 100 or more passengers, and did not affect cargo steamers. So it was referred to the Merchant Marine Committee, who substituted the Alexander bill, which did not exclude a number of steamers. The substitute easily passed the House without amendment, and it was sent to the Senate. The Senate accepted the action of the House, and it went at once to the President for signature.

So far as it relates to the steamers on the Great Lakes, the law takes effect April 1, 1913; as to cargo vessels on July 1, 1913, and as to other vessels on October, 1912. The demand on makers of wireless apparatus was so great, and has been increased to such an extent after the enactment of this legislation,

that the committee, recognizing the justice of the appeal for time in which to obtain the apparatus, fixed these dates later than was originally contemplated.

After October 1 it will be unlawful for steamers either of this or foreign countries and navigating the ocean or the Great Lakes, when carrying *fifty* or more persons, passengers and crew, to leave an American port unless equipped with efficient radio apparatus, capable of transmitting messages at least 100 miles, day or night, under all conditions of atmospheric disturbance, when it is safe for the operator to work.

The law also requires these steamers to have an auxiliary power supply, wholly independent of a vessel's main electric power plant, to enable the sending of messages for at least four hours over at least 100 miles, day or night. For vessels capable of sending only 100 miles, and most of them are in this class, four hours is the length of time in which a wrecked vessel would have to remain afloat while waiting for assisting vessels to arrive.

The former radio law required only one operator on a vessel. Now each steamer subject to the act is required to have two or more skilled operators in charge of the wireless equipment, one or the other of whom must be on duty at all times while the vessel is being navigated. This does not apply to steamers plying only between ports less than 200 miles apart.

Unconnected Wires Take Message

A curious wireless telegraphy phenomenon has been discovered at the railroad station at Clichy-Levallois, near the gates of Paris. Electricians who touched the wires of a large collection of telegraph conduits which had not been connected with any system received severe electrical shocks. An investigation by the state railway engineers revealed that the shocks were due to Hertzian waves sent out from the powerful wireless station at the top of the Eiffel Tower. A receiving station was established by way of a test and a telegraph sapper was able to intercept wireless messages dispatched from the Eiffel Tower and other stations.

ON BOARD S. S. OF LINE

EN ROUTE.....TO.....

CAPTAIN.....IN COMMAND.

Date.....19

NAME.

ADDRESS.

This image shows a full page of dot grid paper. It features approximately 20 horizontal rows of small black dots, evenly spaced across the page. The dots are arranged in straight lines, providing a guide for handwriting or drawing. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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Editorial

If some of the high-browed and peaked-faced inventors who for years have striven manfully to solve the mystery of perpetual motion will watch the dimpled arm of a certain little god, a point or two might be gained.

Cupid is certainly the busiest little fellow we know. Busiest and brightest. Just what lies concealed behind that cherubic countenance has always been a mystery. It is an accepted fact that the wisdom of the ages is there; therefore, it is a trifle startling to find in combination the acumen of the present-day commercial giants, who apply modern inventions to gain an end. The incident of the guileless country maid who wrote her address on the shell of a new-laid egg, which later found her a husband, no longer holds any possibilities for the curly-haired little fellow. The factory girl, scribbling her name and address on a garment destined to reach the hands and heart of a mechanic many miles away, has been discarded as out of date. The silvery voice of the telephone girl led to meetings ending in the pealing of wedding bells scores of times, until it was relegated to the background by the advent of the airship.

The very latest is the wireless bride. Let the struggling poet take a new lease on life, for here, certainly, are dazzling possibilities. Think of the material for odes and epics and things in an ether-waved wooing.

While most of the credit for the

latest method of uniting two loving hearts will naturally go to Cupid, the coming benedict should not be overlooked.

His name is Arthur Barr, a resident of New Jersey, the State which lately has been producing our prominent men. For more than a year he has been experimenting with fellow amateur wireless operators. Their experiments stopped some time ago. Strange messages from the direction of Staten Island were the cause. Arthur is in the way of being a young Sherlock Holmes, so when he deciphered these and announced that he suspected that there was a "woman in the case," his companions were properly impressed.

Barr's suspicions proved to be correct. In Mariner's Harbor, eighteen-year-old Elsie Shelton had been tampering with the wireless apparatus which her brother had rigged. By watching him, she had learned to send messages and receive answers. When Barr's marconigrams came her way she picked them up and translated them into the language of love. The messages continued. The couple met, with the result that Barr soon expects to make Miss Shelton his wireless bride.

Which leads us to wonder just what will little Dan Cupid do next.

The last ten minutes of every hour henceforth are to be "silent" minutes for every wireless instrument all over the world, in order that distress calls may have a clear field. This is a wise provision.

May the silence of those sacred moments nevermore be broken.

Valuable Property

A little Central American Republic was busily preparing for war with a neighboring Republic and all available peons were being picked up and "recruited" in order that they might learn to fight and die, if need be, for their beloved country. A batch of twenty had just arrived and their leader handed a note to the general of the government forces, which read as follows:

"Illustrious General: The bearer of this note will have the honor to turn over to you twenty volunteers. Please return the ropes."

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

At the Director's Meeting



"But with the present anti-trust agitation, are you sure the consumers will submit to the proposed raise in prices?"

"Submit—is it possible you have learned nothing from experience?"

When Kindness Flopped

An Irish private was called before the adjutant of his regiment, who had received complaints that the Irishman had not written home for years. The common excuse, "Can't write," was offered.

"Can't write!" said the officer, seizing his pen, "Well, just dictate while I write your letter."

"We have the best commanding officer in the service," dictated Pat.

"H'm!" mused the adjutant, looking up. "Well?"

"The major is like a father to the men."

"Anything else?" asked the adjutant.

"Kindly excuse bad writing and spelling!" added Pat.

A good woman inspires a man, a brilliant woman interests him, a beautiful woman fascinates him—but the considerate woman gets him.

The new cook came out and did very well her first afternoon at Lonelyville. After dinner she approached the head of the house.

"How early shall I get up in the morning?" she inquired.

"Well, said Mr. Subbubs, "the first train for the city leaves here at 6:35. You'll have to get up about 6 if you want to make that."

Promising Son of Nature

"I see the Department of Agriculture wants a soil expert. Say it pays well, too. Johnny, come into the house this minute and wash the dirt off your face."

"Don't make him wash his face. If soil experts are in demand you are liable to spoil the only future I can see for that kid."

A Cinch

"I suppose it cheapens the freaks to permit them to appear in public?"

"It does usually," replied the impresario of the dime museum. "But we're going to let the two-headed girl out tomorrow. We calculate she'll make a hit with her two stylish hats."

Simple



Suffragette—I wish Nature had made me a man!

Ingenue—Maybe she has, but you haven't found him yet.

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

A Legal Wonder

There was a prosecuting attorney in Texas whose methods were so dramatic and uniformly successful that he not only became the terror of evildoers, but an object of admiration, especially among the negroes.

Upon retirement from office he was at once much sought after by those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in conviction, much to his chagrin.

An old negro who had watched his prosecution in admiring wonder also looked on with equal interest when he conducted the defense, accosted him just after his defeat and said: "Mars Earle, you sho' is a wonder. No matter which side you's on they go to the pen just the same."

When a man asks a woman for her honest opinion of him any sweet old lie usually suffices.

Her Answer



"Why are you so disconsolate?"

"I asked Miss Pert if I could see her home."

"Well?"

"She said she would send me a picture of it."

No Compliment



It—Have you heard that Mamie is saying we are engaged?

She—She is, is she? Won't that cat ever get tired knocking me!

Not So Easy Now

"Girls are not the sentimentalists they used to be," said Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt at a dinner in New York. "Nowadays girls can look out for themselves."

The brilliant leader of the woman's movement smiled and added:

"In the past when a man jilted a girl she took it to heart. Now she takes it to court."

English girls are very proud of their healthy complexions and have expressed wonder that their noblemen take a fancy to the white faces of American girls. Probably the white faces are not the main attraction—more likely the greenbacks.

NEW YORK ATTRACTIONS

One of the most delightful entertainments that New York has seen for many a day is "The Passing Show of 1912," preceded by "The Ballet of 1830" at the Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th street.

Something is happening every minute from the rise of the curtain until the

The first scene shows the interior of a garret studio in Paris. Rudolphe, in love with Mariette, sells a picture to a wealthy Baron, who proceeds to steal Mariette, while Rudolphe is enticed by a Vampire Girl. The scene changes to the Restaurant de Nuit, patronized by a crowd of high-collared men and crin-



MAX ROGERS, CARTER DE HAVEN, HARRY COOPER AND BOBBY NORTH IN "HANKY PANKY."

end of the play, during which time the host of popular players romp through a jumble of comedy scenes and elaborate musical numbers.

The performance begins with "The Ballet of 1830," a pantomime drama in three scenes which tells an interesting story of student life in Paris at that interesting period. Instead of the conventional tragic ending which we have come to expect as part of this class of entertainment the close of the ballet with true love triumphant comes as a refreshing novelty.

oline-skirted women. There are several dances, a pas deux between Rudolphe and the Vampire Girl, and another between the Baron and Mariette. The last scene shows the Jardin des Amoureux. Here Rudolphe and Mariette are reconciled and the Baron is satisfied with the Flower Girl.

Rudolphe is played by Emile Agoust, Mariette by Nellie Brown, the Vampire Girl by Greville Moore, the Baron by Z. Zanfrette, and the Flower Girl by Émil Zajah. The whole ballet is prettily conceived and extremely well executed.

Following this comes "The Passing Show of 1912," a satirical musical comedy in two acts of three scenes each. From start to finish it is one mass of fun of an energetic order dealing with everything of recent importance from political conventions to Andrew Carnegie; satirical gallops through the dramatic offerings of the year, besides a number of things never before seen or heard of.

That the pace is fast is best indicated by the fact that within three hours the fifty characters in the cast, each with something to do, whirl, to the accompaniment of twenty-six musical numbers, through scenes at a steamship pier, move to the front of a department store in Greeley Square, thence to the interior of the harem of the Sewer-Man, where remarkable events take place, then to the "Bought and Paid For House," to the exterior of a hotel, and then to a roof garden which transforms itself into a view into the twenty-first century.

Shapely Shirley Kellogg, who up to now has been among those girlies who make up an agreeable background, has come to the front and proves to be a fascinating singer and dancer. She sings three songs and does some clever things in the satirical scenes from current plays. Charles J. Ross contributes several clever bits of burlesque, Adelaide gives a charming exhibition of dancing, and Sydney Grant does a humorous specialty with angular Charlotte Green-

wood. Credit is due each member of the unusual cast for their efforts, particularly to the comedians; prominent among whom are Harry Fox, Willie Howard, and his irrepressible brother, Eugene Howard.

From start to finish the show is a corker.

A Lew Fields' production is always looked forward to with interest by New Yorkers. In "Hanky Panky" at the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 41st street a musical comedy has been evolved which bids fair to prove one of the most successful entertainments in the history of that famous playhouse.

"Hanky Panky" is described by the program as "a jumble of jolification" and among the principals are such well-known players as Max Rogers, Carter De Haven, Bobby North, Harry Cooper, Hugh Cameron, Christine Neilson, Myrtle

Gilbert, Flora May, Virginia Evans and William Montgomery and Florence Moore.

There are nearly 100 persons employed in the production and seldom has a better looking chorus been assembled in a Broadway show. "Hanky Panky" besides its comedy and scenic features is unusual in the quality of voices and in the variety and excellence of the musical numbers.

The Casino Theatre, Broadway at 39th street, maintains its established pol-



SHIRLEY KELLOGG AND CLARENCE J. HARVEY IN
"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912."



MAURICE FARKOA IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS."

icy of musical entertainment in offering "The Merry Countess."

Included in the cast are Maurice Farkoa, Jose Collins, Martin Brown, Forrest Huff, Fritz Von Bushing, Mlle. Dazie and the Dolly Sisters.

"Buntz Pulls the Strings," a whimsical Scotch play still remains at the Comedy Theatre, 41st street, east of Broadway. Solely on its merits this play has remained at the same theatre for nearly a year.

At the Playhouse, 48th street, east of Broadway, "Bought and Paid For" the gripping Broadhurst play is rounding out its 400th performance. The characters are familiar city types whose varying emotions make up an intensely interesting play.

For those who want excitement the motor cycle racing at the Brighton Beach Motordrome offers thrills galore—90 miles an hour is the present pace.

Why Icebergs Drift

In a discourse delivered recently at the Royal Societies' Club, London, Sir Clements Markham, F.R.S., said that most of the icebergs of the Atlantic came from the glaciers of Greenland, and principally from eight so-called discharging glaciers on its west coast. Greenland was a vast mass of plutonic rock, covered with ice to the height of 8,000 feet. On the fjords the glaciers ended in ice walls; the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass behind made some glaciers advance at the rate of 28 yards per day. The percolating water formed one of the agents of the movements, and there was always a stream of water flowing under the discharging glacier into the sea. When broken off the glacier by the buoyancy of the sea water and the action of the tides, a berg generally had a height of at least 1,000 feet; Sir Clements had measured one 372 feet, rising above the water. Slowly melting in the water the icebergs lost their equilibrium and capsized. He had once almost been caught when passing in a boat along a natural arched passage through an iceberg which afterward toppled over.



MARY RYAN, TO BE SEEN IN "STOP THIEF" LATER IN THE SEASON.

OF INTEREST TO WIRELESS SHAREHOLDERS

While at various times the public has heard of this man or that in connection with wireless telegraphy, and while many have claimed credit for alleged discoveries relating to the greatest invention of the age, one man will always stand foremost in the public mind—Marconi. And justly so, for while other scientists were theorizing Marconi set about to commercialize his discoveries. Now that the world has fully awakened to the indispensability of wireless and stringent laws compelling all passenger steamships to install equipment in conformity with international regulations are being enacted by all governments, a glimpse at the recent progress made by the Marconi companies should be interesting to all.

When the American Marconi Company secured the consent of the courts and took over the assets of its only formidable commercial rival in this country, the United Wireless Telegraph Company, not only was the land and marine wireless business of America consolidated but virtual control of the wireless business of the world was obtained as the English Marconi Company had already practically secured control of the business of the rest of the globe.

The extraordinary progress in wireless telegraphy during the past year is set forth in the recently issued annual report of the parent company, the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., of England. The increase in the net earnings of the English Company were more than 120 per cent. over the previous year; plans not matured should result in a still greater increase next year. Foremost among the late developments is the agreement for the immediate erection of stations for the British Imperial wireless system to girdle the globe. Construction of high-power stations in England and Egypt, and at Aden, Bangalore, Pretoria and Singapore will commence immediately.

The terms of the agreement provide

that the stations shall be operated by the company on account of the Government for the first six months, and thereafter by the Government. The company will receive \$300,000 for each station, exclusive of the sites, foundations, and buildings, and it will receive 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of all stations so erected for a term of 28 years from the date of the opening of the first three stations.

The marvelous development of the American company is due principally to the absorption of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, giving it control of all but a very small percentage of the business in this country as well as the equipment of most of the ships out of American ports. Another important step was the agreement made with the Western Union by which messages may be sent to any part of the country and may be transmitted to any point reached by the wireless on land or sea. A similar agreement was made with the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company of Canada.

Announcement has just been made that the American company has arranged to equip stations at New Orleans, at Swan Island in the Caribbean Sea, and at Santa Marta, Colombia, thus providing a direct wireless service between the two continents of North and South America.

The high-power stations connecting London and New York are expected to be in operation within a year. Contracts were recently signed by the American company for the purchase of 550 acres of land near Belmar, N. J., intended as a site for the high-power station on this side. It is estimated that the station will cost between \$500,000 and \$750,000, and with the station now being constructed by the English company near London, will be the largest in the world. A huge wireless station will be immediately erected at San Francisco also.

Considering the hundreds of Marconi stations already in operation and

the plans for expansion, not only should the name Marconi become immediately synonymous with wireless but the associated companies should be recognized as one of the great combinations of capital and industrial resources of this age.

Wireless in Desert Regions

A valuable discovery has been made recently by Marconi in relation to the use of the wireless system in desert country, and that is that the use of masts and antennae are not at all necessary for the purposes of communication. This removes one of the great obstacles to the proposition of estab-

lishing a system of airship routes over the Sahara, as it has been found a matter of some difficulty to find the way across the sandy stretch because of the absence of marks which act as guide posts. The discovery above referred to is that owing to the non-conductivity of the sand messages may be launched into the ether from wires laid a short distance on the ground in the direction of which it is desired to send the message. Dispensing with the pole in this manner greatly facilitates the use of the system in warfare, for the handling of the pole represents the greatest part of the weight and bulk of the outfit.

BON VOYAGE SHOWERS

Bon voyage showers are a novel and pretty innovation. The fortunate traveler who is about to depart for foreign shores is entertained by a friend some afternoon and deluged with gifts that will make the steamer days a comfort and pleasure. This is the season for these "showers," consequently the shops are full of suggestions as to appropriate gifts.

There is, for instance, an air pillow, which takes up very little space and is such a comfort on the journey. The silk covered ones that come packed in a pretty pigskin case would make a munificent shower gift.

A folding combination buttonhook and shoe horn, packed in a neat morocco case, costs only 50 cents, and will make an acceptable gift.

Then there are the flat brushes that can be tucked in anywhere and which come in soft leather cases; one, two or three brushes in a case.

The folding clothes hangers will prove handy for use in the stateroom and take up little space in the trunk. A set of four in a leather case can be bought as low as \$1.35.

A dark India silk kimono will take up little space in packing and will be very convenient on the trip.

One of those dainty frilled boudoir caps is just the thing to hide the disar-

ranged locks when going to the bathroom in the morning.

The utility jewel pocket is a necessity in traveling. The small ones that tie about the neck can be had in satin, suede or chamois at 50 cents. A pretty one in dainty colored chamois enclosed in a removable hand-embroidered lace-edged case costs a dollar.

Then there are the large skirt pockets that suspend from a belt about the waist. These have several compartments with secure clasps, and in them a large assortment of valuables can be safely carried.

A small sewing roll of leather, fully equipped with darning and sewing implements, securely held by a strap, is a practical gift that might be appreciated. A handsome one is priced \$2.49.

For traveling, a roll is more satisfactory than a box for carrying jewels. Very handsome ones can be had in pigskin with various shaped pockets for securely holding the jewelry.

Leather cases for handkerchiefs are more serviceable in traveling than the fancy lace trimmed affairs of the boudoir. A very pretty one in morocco, with silk lining can be had for \$2.75.

A little silk-covered hot water bag is a practical gift, as is also a pair of the chamois gloves that are easily washed.

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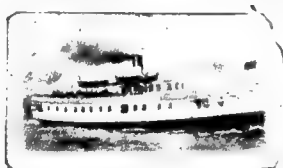
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MAURICE FARKOA IN "THE MERRY COUNTESS."

icy of musical entertainment in offering "The Merry Countess."

Included in the cast are Maurice Farkoa, Jose Collins, Martin Brown, Forrest Huff, Fritz Von Bushing, Mlle. Dazie and the Dolly Sisters.

"Buntz Pulls the Strings," a whimsical Scotch play still remains at the Comedy Theatre, 41st street, east of Broadway. Solely on its merits this play has remained at the same theatre for nearly a year.

At the Playhouse, 48th street, east of Broadway, "Bought and Paid For" the gripping Broadhurst play is rounding out its 400th performance. The characters are familiar city types whose varying emotions make up an intensely interesting play.

For those who want excitement the motor cycle racing at the Brighton Beach Motordrome offers thrills galore—90 miles an hour is the present pace.

Why Icebergs Drift

In a discourse delivered recently at the Royal Societies' Club, London, Sir Clements Markham, F.R.S., said that most of the icebergs of the Atlantic came from the glaciers of Greenland, and principally from eight so-called discharging glaciers on its west coast. Greenland was a vast mass of plutonic rock, covered with ice to the height of 8,000 feet. On the fjords the glaciers ended in ice walls; the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass behind made some glaciers advance at the rate of 28 yards per day. The percolating water formed one of the agents of the movements, and there was always a stream of water flowing under the discharging glacier into the sea. When broken off the glacier by the buoyancy of the sea water and the action of the tides, a berg generally had a height of at least 1,000 feet; Sir Clements had measured one 372 feet, rising above the water. Slowly melting in the water the icebergs lost their equilibrium and capsized. He had once almost been caught when passing in a boat along a natural arched passage through an iceberg which afterward toppled over.



MARY RYAN, TO BE SEEN IN "STOP THIEF" LATER IN THE SEASON.

OF INTEREST TO WIRELESS SHAREHOLDERS

While at various times the public has heard of this man or that in connection with wireless telegraphy, and while many have claimed credit for alleged discoveries relating to the greatest invention of the age, one man will always stand foremost in the public mind—Marconi. And justly so, for while other scientists were theorizing Marconi set about to commercialize his discoveries. Now that the world has fully awakened to the indispensability of wireless and stringent laws compelling all passenger steamships to install equipment in conformity with international regulations are being enacted by all governments, a glimpse at the recent progress made by the Marconi companies should be interesting to all.

When the American Marconi Company secured the consent of the courts and took over the assets of its only formidable commercial rival in this country, the United Wireless Telegraph Company, not only was the land and marine wireless business of America consolidated but virtual control of the wireless business of the world was obtained as the English Marconi Company had already practically secured control of the business of the rest of the globe.

The extraordinary progress in wireless telegraphy during the past year is set forth in the recently issued annual report of the parent company, the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, Ltd., of England. The increase in the net earnings of the English Company were more than 120 per cent. over the previous year; plans not matured should result in a still greater increase next year. Foremost among the late developments is the agreement for the immediate erection of stations for the British Imperial wireless system to girdle the globe. Construction of high-power stations in England and Egypt, and at Aden, Bangalore, Pretoria and Singapore will commence immediately.

The terms of the agreement provide

that the stations shall be operated by the company on account of the Government for the first six months, and thereafter by the Government. The company will receive \$300,000 for each station, exclusive of the sites, foundations, and buildings, and it will receive 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of all stations so erected for a term of 28 years from the date of the opening of the first three stations.

The marvelous development of the American company is due principally to the absorption of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, giving it control of all but a very small percentage of the business in this country as well as the equipment of most of the ships out of American ports. Another important step was the agreement made with the Western Union by which messages may be sent to any part of the country and may be transmitted to any point reached by the wireless on land or sea. A similar agreement was made with the Great Northwestern Telegraph Company of Canada.

Announcement has just been made that the American company has arranged to equip stations at New Orleans, at Swan Island in the Caribbean Sea, and at Santa Marta, Colombia, thus providing a direct wireless service between the two continents of North and South America.

The high-power stations connecting London and New York are expected to be in operation within a year. Contracts were recently signed by the American company for the purchase of 550 acres of land near Belmar, N. J., intended as a site for the high-power station on this side. It is estimated that the station will cost between \$500,000 and \$750,000, and with the station now being constructed by the English company near London, will be the largest in the world. A huge wireless station will be immediately erected at San Francisco also.

Considering the hundreds of Marconi stations already in operation and

the plans for expansion, not only should the name Marconi become immediately synonymous with wireless but the associated companies should be recognized as one of the great combinations of capital and industrial resources of this age.

Wireless in Desert Regions

A valuable discovery has been made recently by Marconi in relation to the use of the wireless system in desert country, and that is that the use of masts and antennae are not at all necessary for the purposes of communication. This removes one of the great obstacles to the proposition of estab-

lishing a system of airship routes over the Sahara, as it has been found a matter of some difficulty to find the way across the sandy stretch because of the absence of marks which act as guide posts. The discovery above referred to is that owing to the non-conductivity of the sand messages may be launched into the ether from wires laid a short distance on the ground in the direction of which it is desired to send the message. Dispensing with the pole in this manner greatly facilitates the use of the system in warfare, for the handling of the pole represents the greatest part of the weight and bulk of the outfit.

BON VOYAGE SHOWERS

Bon voyage showers are a novel and pretty innovation. The fortunate traveler who is about to depart for foreign shores is entertained by a friend some afternoon and deluged with gifts that will make the steamer days a comfort and pleasure. This is the season for these "showers," consequently the shops are full of suggestions as to appropriate gifts.

There is, for instance, an air pillow, which takes up very little space and is such a comfort on the journey. The silk covered ones that come packed in a pretty pigskin case would make a munificent shower gift.

A folding combination buttonhook and shoe horn, packed in a neat morocco case, costs only 50 cents, and will make an acceptable gift.

Then there are the flat brushes that can be tucked in anywhere and which come in soft leather cases; one, two or three brushes in a case.

The folding clothes hangers will prove handy for use in the stateroom and take up little space in the trunk. A set of four in a leather case can be bought as low as \$1.35.

A dark India silk kimono will take up little space in packing and will be very convenient on the trip.

One of those dainty frilled boudoir caps is just the thing to hide the disar-

ranged locks when going to the bathroom in the morning.

The utility jewel pocket is a necessity in traveling. The small ones that tie about the neck can be had in satin, suede or chamois at 50 cents. A pretty one in dainty colored chamois enclosed in a removable hand-embroidered lace-edged case costs a dollar.

Then there are the large skirt pockets that suspend from a belt about the waist. These have several compartments with secure clasps, and in them a large assortment of valuables can be safely carried.

A small sewing roll of leather, fully equipped with darning and sewing implements, securely held by a strap, is a practical gift that might be appreciated. A handsome one is priced \$2.49.

For traveling, a roll is more satisfactory than a box for carrying jewels. Very handsome ones can be had in pigskin with various shaped pockets for securely holding the jewelry.

Leather cases for handkerchiefs are more serviceable in traveling than the fancy lace trimmed affairs of the boudoir. A very pretty one in morocco, with silk lining can be had for \$2.75.

A little silk-covered hot water bag is a practical gift, as is also a pair of the chamois gloves that are easily washed.

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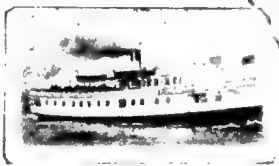
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